

his ability to put a smile on anyone's face, bringing about joy and laughter wherever he went.

Detective Marconi's commitment to protecting the people of San Antonio led to his distinguished career in law enforcement as a member of the Special Victims Unit for SAPD. A decorated police officer, he had the distinct honor and privilege of assuming the rank of Detective in Major Crimes. His passion for serving the community is an example that each of us should strive to follow.

Detective Marconi is survived by his son, Dane Marconi; grandson Mason Marconi; stepdaughter Jacy Lewis; brother Tom Marconi and wife Diana, their sons, Adam and Andrew Marconi, and their grand-daughter, Anastazia Zamora Marconi; sister Debbie Saldaña and husband Danny and their sons, Ross Gonzales Jr. and Nick Saldaña, their daughter, Danielle Saldaña, and their grand-daughter, Hailey Gonzales; sister Terri Marconi McKnight and her son, Blake Kirkland; and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.

The legacy of Detective Marconi lives on through the kindness and compassion that he shared with those who surrounded him. His dedication to the people of San Antonio will be remembered throughout the greater Bexar County community.

Mr. Speaker, I am honored to have the opportunity to remember the legacy of Detective Benjamin Marconi.

RECOGNIZING THE 103RD BIRTHDAY OF MRS. EDNA HALL RILEY WALKER

HON. ALCEE L. HASTINGS

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. HASTINGS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mrs. Edna Hall Riley Walker of Riviera Beach, Florida, who on December 23rd will turn 103 years young. Mrs. Walker, one of Florida's over four thousand centenarians, is a lifelong resident of Wakulla County.

Mrs. Walker continues to follow an incredible journey through life and has seen drastic changes in the world since she was born in 1913. Mrs. Walker was born the middle child of three in Shadeville, Florida. She started a family with Herbert Riley and had three children: Anthony, Allan, and Ianthia. Working as a Master Seamstress since the 1950s, Mrs. Walker deeply understands the value of hard work.

Mrs. Walker to this day is still an active member of her community, still a faithful servant of God, and still sharp as a tack. She is a deep believer in the golden rule, and often tells people she meets, "I would do you right before I would ever do you wrong. It's so important to do unto others as you want them to do unto you. That's what Jesus said."

These days, Mrs. Walker often travels throughout the United States to see her many children and grandchildren. Her descendants have flown far and wide, from New York to Texas, a testament to her wide-reaching legacy. She most enjoys reading and playing games with her grandchildren and great grandchildren. Clearly, Edna Riley Walker is still leaving her mark.

Mr. Speaker, it is my distinct honor to acknowledge this incredible woman on her many

accomplishments in life and to wish her a very happy 103rd birthday.

RECOGNIZING FAMILIES AFFECTED BY THE NATIONAL OPIOID EPIDEMIC

HON. ANN M. KUSTER

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Ms. KUSTER. Mr. Speaker, it is my honor to include in the RECORD today the personal stories of families from across the country that have been affected by the opioid and heroin epidemic. In the U.S. we lose 129 lives per day to opioid and heroin overdose. In my home state of New Hampshire I have learned so many heartbreaking stories of great people and families who have suffered from the effects of substance use disorder.

Earlier this year, my colleagues and I were joined by many of these courageous families who came to Washington to share their stories with Members of Congress and push for action that will prevent overdoses and save lives. Since then, we passed both the Comprehensive Addiction and Recovery Act and the 21st Century Cures Act to provide much needed funding and critical policy changes to fight this epidemic.

The advocacy of these families truly is so important to leading to change in Washington and I am proud to preserve their stories.

ROBERT AND ERIC FRANKLIN—CEDARBURG, WISCONSIN

The Franklin family had two beautiful, talented and very much loved sons, both who died in 2012 from heroin overdoses. They both are so very missed. Life is just not as full as it should be. Their loss has forever changed their family's lives.

The Franklin's youngest child, Robert Franklin, was born November 10, 1987 and died April 22, 2012. At six foot five, he was a gentle giant. Everyone loved Robert; he was funny and a born leader. In high school, Robert had gotten himself into trouble and was arrested for being in possession of two pounds of marijuana at the age of 17. As his parents, they were shocked that he had been messing with that quantity of marijuana. As a result, before Robert turned 18 years old he was labeled a felon. Drugs became Robert's escape; he shouldn't have needed to escape, he had a great childhood and was well liked by everyone. From there, things went quickly downhill. Robert spent much of his young adult life in prison or jail. Robert didn't seem to know how to stop using, and his family didn't fully understand what he was going through. Then he found the drug Oxycontin. Robert died at the age of 24. As Neil Young once said, "Twenty four and there's so much more".

Their middle son, Eric, was born February 22, 1986 and died December 21, 2012. He was a happy, smart, handsome, loved, talented and caring person. Eric had so much to live for, so much left to give to the world. He played the guitar and harmonica; writing much of his own music. Eric also had a great voice. Eric worked for his dad as a rough carpenter. He had just met a girl and were early in their relationship, but somehow he still couldn't get past his addiction. His family knew he wanted to change. Eric even went to a treatment center and did really well for a while. He was only 26 when he died.

Both Robert and Eric loved to play the guitar and were immensely passionate about all

music. Together they started a band called, The Wronged and wrote and recorded several songs.

Robert and Eric left behind not only their parents, Patricia and Mike, but also their older brother, Adam and sister-in-law, Robin, and their only niece, Taylor.

JASON FREBURGER—PASADENA, MARYLAND

On December 23, 2015, Jason Freburger died in his family's home of a heroin overdose. He was 29 years old. The several years of battling his addiction caused so much pain for Jason, as well as his family. Jason felt shame, remorse, failure and regret. His family felt lost, horrified, let down, and confused by the lack of available resources and the medical system. Jason was in and out of treatment, jail, IOP, NA meetings and a halfway house.

Jason was an electrician for the Board of Education for eight years, and was preparing to get his Master's license. He was an animal lover, played Xbox, loved fishing, enjoyed music, reading a good book, and building with Mega Legos. Jason would regularly tell his family that he loved them. However, Jason is the product of a family tree that has strong inherited addictive genes and mental illness—many of those struggling with addiction suffer with dual diagnosis, and this resulted in Jason's demise.

Jason was never allowed enough time in any treatment facility for recovery to take hold. Losing his job meant losing his medical insurance. There is no in-patient treatment that covers beyond two weeks with just Medicaid. After two weeks of treatment, Jason came out clean, but not skilled, not yet strong enough, not able to keep the disease at bay. He was then sent into a halfway house that had no accountability for any of its clients.

Jason tried, he tried so hard. He wanted to be drug free; a simple man living a simple life. Jason was a part of the Anne Arundel County Maryland Adult Drug Court Program. Once-a-month hearings with the judge and once-a-week case manager meetings isn't enough for some of those struggling with addiction to be successful.

His family can't stop thinking about Jason; loving him, missing him, and needing him in their lives. Jason was a treasure to them all. He was a beloved child. He was a good person and son. He needed help; he asked for it but was only granted snippets of hope that would never lead to solid recovery. Individuals struggling with addiction are our children, spouses, our family.

MARK C. FUSCIA—VOORHEES, NEW JERSEY

Mark Fuscina passed away to a heroin overdose on February 12, 2010. Mark was a wonderful, kind, respectable, energetic, intelligent and loving person. Our family used to call him the politician because of his outgoing and friendly personality with people.

At the young age of 14, Mark began experimenting with drugs. During this time his family thought he was just going through the teenage phase of life, and were unaware Mark had fallen into a strong addiction. He started out with marijuana, then moved to mushrooms, cocaine, pills then heroin.

Mark was really good at various sports from a very young age, but was most passionate about baseball, which he played since elementary school up until the end of freshman year of high school. Although he did very well in school throughout the years, his family was told by a teacher that Mark was an excellent student but there was concern that he was a follower. Being a follower, Mark decided after finishing baseball in freshman year to quit the team like some of his friends had done. It was just the beginning of Mark becoming disinterested in things he previously really enjoyed.

As his addiction began the summer before sophomore year of high school, Mark faced a set of challenges—including arrests as he sold drugs to support his gradual habit. During his senior year of high school, despite all of the ups and downs, Mark had managed to get two partial academic scholarships to college. His family couldn't have been more proud of him and continued to show support and love, hoping that he would have a bright future ahead of him.

Mark tried so hard to overcome his addiction and to stay on the straight path, but his addiction was so strong and followed him right to college. His family were always supporting him, including trying to help him through these difficult years. They all loved Mark so much and were confident that with their help he would be able to overcome his addiction in time. At the time, Mark's family did not fully understand the grasp the disease of substance use disorder has on individuals.

ANDREW GIBSON—BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Andrew started using drugs in Middle School in his hometown of Billerica, Massachusetts. First it was marijuana, which he used in excess (3-4 times a day starting before he went to school). He sold marijuana for many years until he graduated to opiates. He started with 30mg Percocets until he discovered that heroin was less expensive.

Andrew's learning disabilities made school difficult for him and he never liked it, but he was successful during his last two years of in a charter high school because of the supportive community, teachers and administration. Andrew graduated in 2012 and never went to college.

Andrew loved dirt bikes and did his senior project on the dynamics of dirt bike engines. He also loved cars and was proud of his Acura Integra that he drove to school while blaring the sound system that he had installed himself.

Andrew was always looking "fresh." He took pride in how he presented; he'd clean dirt off of his spotless white sneakers, wipe smudges off mirror sunglasses and sport a crisp haircut. A hat to match the color of his shirt and sneakers. He was well-liked, charismatic, respectful, kind and always willing to help a friend. He had difficulty being kind to himself. He was always focusing on his mistakes and dismissing his successes.

Andrew relapsed many times and struggled to embrace the 12 Step Program. In 2014, he was charged with possession and trafficking of heroin and was sent to jail. It took being arrested to make him realize how serious his addiction had become. From there Andrew went to a sober house in Portland, Maine, where he learned how to live a substance free life.

He got a job as a cook at a local restaurant, he started to work the 12 Steps, got a sponsor, attended and spoke at meetings, started mental health counseling, joined a gym and was feeling good about himself. He looked and felt great—having gained back some of the weight that he lost when he was using.

Andrew passed away in Portland, Maine on April 11, 2015, after a three-year battle with Heroin addiction. He was 21 years young. In his short time on this earth, Andrew helped countless people. Many people have told his family that they wouldn't be sober or even alive if it weren't for him.

JESSICA ELIZABETH GRUBB—CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Jessica Elizabeth Grubb, second oldest of five sisters, died on March 2, 2016 as a result of oxycodone toxicity. After struggling for many years with the demon that is heroin addiction, Jessica's mother had hoped and truly believed that Jessica was finally on the clean and sober path to recovery.

Jessica's struggles began during her freshman year of college, when she was raped at a party; not telling a soul about the incident for six years. This set the stage for many agonizing years of depression, addiction, anorexia, and bulimia. Jessica said that heroin was the only thing that, "made her not care."

In the six months prior to Jessica's death, she was slowly improving and coming back to herself. She had found a city she loved, a job, a supportive community, and was exercising a lot. Jessica was running many miles a day, which seemed to be helping her with her anxiety.

Unfortunately, due to all of the running, Jessica had a recurrence of a bone infection and had to have surgery in February. Jessica's family panicked. Doctors are too free with prescribing narcotics and many have no idea what these drugs can do to someone who is already struggling with addiction. Therefore, Jessica's family drove six hours to be with Jessica; they wanted to make sure these doctors knew about Jessica's history of struggling with addiction. They made it clear to all nurses and doctors that Jessica was recovering from a heroin addiction and Jessica told them the same thing. But when Jessica's mother mentioned this to one of the doctors, he said, "Shhh!" She asked him, "What are you talking about?" The doctor began to tell her that, "Jessica is such a sweet girl, we don't want people knowing that." Jessica's mother was struck dumb by the doctor's comment.

The weather forecast showed an incoming snow storm, so Jessica's family ended up only staying two days with Jessica, leaving for home after her surgery was complete. They were confident that all would be well; meaning, Jessica would not be prescribed any narcotics.

That afternoon the doctors put Jessica on an IV containing oxycodone, reawakening her addiction. They then sent her home with 50 oxycodone pills and a peripherally inserted central catheter (PICC or PIC line).

The next day Jessica's family tried calling her multiple times, as did her sisters. Jessica was supposed to be the maid of honor in her oldest sister's wedding. They even were sending her pictures of dresses. They received no response from Jessica.

Jessica's family panicked and called the local sheriff's department and they proceeded to conduct a police welfare check on Jessica. Jessica was found dead. Eight of the 50 prescribed oxycodone pills were gone. On March 2nd, Jessica became one of the 129.

SHAWNIA GURULE—DENVER, COLORADO

On May 25, 1990, Shawna's mother was blessed with having the most beautiful daughter. Shawna was the cutest baby—fat and chubby, and hardly ever cried. From an early age, Shawna was full of life. When she was older, she was a cheerleader and loved playing volleyball, singing and dancing. Shawna was passionate about hairstyling and was great at it—she would do all her girlfriend's hair for special occasions.

Shawna's mother dealt with her daughters' struggles with addiction for years; beginning around 13 or 14 years old, when she was introduced to prescription pills. Consequently, Shawna's behavior started to change, affecting their relationship. Shawna was no longer the baby girl that her mother knew, she was someone else.

Over the years, Shawna tried to clean up her act, not only for her own well-being, but for her newborn son. In 2015, she was introduced to heroin by the boyfriend she was living with. Shawna hated how overpowering heroin was; she had little control and felt she could not refrain from using.

On January 9, 2016, Shawna's mother received the dreaded call; Shawna had

overdosed in the boyfriend's home and was in critical condition. A mixture of heroin and methamphetamine was found in her system. On January 11th, just three days later, Shawna was pronounced dead.

"Heroin came into our lives and now my baby girl is gone forever," writes her mother, Rosalie. "This is what a taste of this drug does. My family will be forever broken."

"Have your stories heard. Say them loudly and help other parents, brothers, sisters, and children through this ugly battle with drugs. Don't enable your children but also don't push them away. I send my prayers and tears for all of our children."

MICHAEL DUANE "MIKE" HANNAY—MASON, MICHIGAN

Mike was, and still is, an amazing human being. He had the most contagious smile and the best hair. He was hilarious, sarcastic, and incredibly witty; he had the most amazing sense of humor. Mike had such a big heart and never spoke bad about anyone. He always had a carefree, laid back attitude. Mike was so intelligent—the kind of person who never had to study but still got A's and B's. He could answer any Jeopardy question—things that make most of us say "Huh?!" Mike could fix any computer problems in five minutes or less, make you feel better on your absolute worst days, make you laugh until you cried and your cheeks hurt. Mike loved going to car shows with his father. Together, they restored a '57 Chevy the summer before he passed. Mike and I were best friends since we were young and were always doing things together. His family were all so close, a tight-knit family. Seeing Mike suffer from addiction was heart-breaking for all of them.

Mike hurt his back in a car accident and, like many who succumb to addiction, was prescribed pain medication and Xanax by his doctor. One day, at the end of 2009, Mike crushed his hand at work in a 20-ton brake press, resulting in the amputation of the tips of three of his fingers. He later underwent five surgeries to repair his hand. The severity of his injury, the numerous surgeries, and pain resulted in increased access to prescription medication that enhanced his addiction.

This was when Mike starting trying heroin. He overdosed twice but made it out alive on both occasions. The first time was in March of 2011 and the second in October of the same year.

For the next few years, Mike struggled off and on with addiction. Finally, things were looking up. He had a new job and was doing great. Mike was blessed with his first and only nephew six months prior to his passing. Mike had been clean for a year and four months before he relapsed and lost his life on September 20, 2013.

No one saw this coming, not his friends or his family.

HANNAH DAKOTA VEIT-HARTL—RANCHO PALOS VERDES, CALIFORNIA

Hannah was a smart, witty, caring young woman. She brought the life to any party with her infectious, sometimes twisted, sense of humor. To her parents, she was the daughter we all hope for. She was a self-motivated honors student, cool-as-a-cucumber ice hockey goalie, and a protective big sister to her two siblings. She enjoyed skiing, swimming, traveling and hanging out with her family.

As Hannah went through her teen years, she gravitated towards a partying culture and became somewhat of a music "savant." As she continued on her college education at UCSC, little did Hannah realize that the all-too-easy to get, ubiquitous, and cheap heroin, would savagely alter her brain chemistry and bring with it the disease of addiction. Lacking a true understanding as to how

this drug works, Hannah did not initially recognize the signs of addiction.

Just last year when Hannah realized that she had become dependent on heroin, she went to Urgent Care to get help. The only “help” they could give her was a taxi voucher home. The following day, she returned to the hospital where, again, she was handed a taxi voucher and sent away. In desperation, Hannah called her mom for help. Unfortunately, like most families, Hannah’s family understood very little about addiction and heroin. They were unfamiliar with what steps to take to get Hannah the help she needed and they did what they thought was best. Hannah’s family sent her to a treatment center, a path which they now understand was ineffective and inadequate on many levels.

Given that Hannah didn’t match the heroin addict stereotype her family had in their minds, as she continued on in college they thought everything was essentially under control. Even after the course of treatment, none of Hannah’s family understood the insidiousness of this drug, the relentless grip of addiction, nor the absurd statistical odds against Hannah’s survival. Although Hannah’s active addiction only lasted for several months, she relapsed with someone she had met at the treatment center. Hannah was able to bounce back and when she began her senior year of college, she believed she was well-equipped to manage her addiction and her family did too.

Then on March 9, 2016, she died. Hannah’s tragic and untimely death at the age of 22 has shaken her family to its deepest core.

Like many young students during finals, Hannah stayed up for many nights in a row studying. She did not die from a heroin overdose—smart, witty, Hannah made a calculation error. She did not factor exhaustion into the equation when taking “just a little” heroin to go to sleep. The dose of heroin itself did not kill her; because she was so exhausted the heroin fatally compromised her natural reflexes to re-position herself while she slept. With her head surrounded by an array of pillows, she slowly suffocated. Hannah did not want to die; the morning of her death she had just turned in one of the last term papers she needed to earn her Bachelor’s Degree in Psychology. On the floor next to her bed was a pile of LSAT study books and underneath her pillow was a “To Do” list.

CHRISTOPHER MATTHEW “CHRIS” HONOR—
SALEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Chris was an average student and loved history class. He played various sports and could spout out statistics about any team. He wanted to become a sports broadcaster and did work for a few seasons with the New Hampshire Fisher Cats baseball team.

When Chris was 12 years old, his mother first started noticing some troubling signs. Chris became more defiant and his moods would change rapidly, from extreme highs to deep lows. He scratched at scabs on his arms as a means of escaping feeling. Chris’ parents went to court and begged the judge to get Chris evaluated for bipolar disorder. Chris’ mother was accused of wanting to simply medicate her difficult child, but all she wanted was to give him a fair shot at life and help him learn to deal with the overwhelming feelings. Soon after, Chris’ mother found out he had started experimenting with marijuana.

When Chris was 17, he was picked up by the police when he was high on ecstasy. After a big fight, Chris left his father’s house and went to live with some friends and later, his grandmother. Chris decided he would finish his senior year of high school by taking night classes. He graduated in 2011, got a job

and started college. Things were looking up. When Chris turned 18, he moved in with a couple of friends and things quickly began to slip. One of his roommates was selling drugs and the police were watching the apartment. One night, the cops raided the apartment and everyone inside was arrested. After that, Chris was subject to random drug testing.

In 2013, Chris was sent to the county jail for eight months, after threatening his grandmother. When he got out, Chris and his girlfriend, reunited and began abusing drugs together. Chris eventually checked into a treatment center; but once he was stable, the facility needed the bed and Chris was released. Later, when Chris told his probation officer he wouldn’t test clean, he was sent back to jail for the weekend.

The summer after that seemed like a dream for Chris and his girlfriend; they were always laughing and taking endless walks together. On September 25, 2014, Chris’ mother got a call from his girlfriend saying Chris was going back to jail for 20 days. Four days later, Chris called from jail to tell his mother that his girlfriend had died from an overdose. He said if he had been home he could have saved her.

Chris was never the same after that and went back to abusing drugs immediately after being released and he was picked up again by the police on April 15, 2015. When he was released from jail on September 3rd, Chris seemed to be doing well. He applied for a job, and later that day he scheduled a time to get vivitrol shots. The next day Chris called his mother depressed because he missed his girlfriend and said that he never truly dealt with her death. On September 5th, the Jordan family were woken up in the early morning by a policewoman telling them that Chris was found dead.

REMEMBERING THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF JOHN GLENN

HON. TIM RYAN

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. RYAN of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I am deeply saddened by the passing of John Glenn. My thoughts and prayers are with his wife Annie, his family, and the countless others who are mourning this great loss.

John Glenn was a decorated World War II Marine Corps Fighter Pilot who broke the transcontinental speed record. A pioneer astronaut who was the first American to orbit the earth, and he later became the oldest man in space at the age of 77. He was a distinguished statesman who represented Ohio in the United States Senate. But most importantly, he was a family man who married his childhood sweetheart, Annie, and enjoyed spending time with his family and friends.

I count myself lucky to have had the opportunity to spend some time with Senator Glenn and I will cherish those moments for the rest of my life. Today is a sad day for the State of Ohio and for the United States of America. John Glenn was an American hero and his life and legacy will never be forgotten.

RECOGNIZING THE 2016 MVLE ANNUAL AWARD RECIPIENTS

HON. GERALD E. CONNOLLY

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 8, 2016

Mr. CONNOLLY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize the 2016 MVLE Annual Award Recipients.

For 45 years, MVLE has provided employment opportunities and support services to individuals with disabilities and thereby created an environment which has allowed its clients to live in dignity and as independently as possible. MVLE has achieved this success by partnering with local businesses as well as with government agencies and other not-for-profit organizations. MVLE, its staff, and dedicated volunteers and supporters can be proud that they are making a positive difference in someone’s life every day.

Each year, MVLE honors individual participants, as well as business and community partners, who support MVLE’s mission. I am pleased to include the names of the following 2016 award recipients:

The President’s Award is being presented to individuals who have shown outstanding progress toward gaining independence and self-sufficiency through participation in employment and community services. The 2016 President’s Award recipients are Ashley Carter, Wei Lung Lin, Jennifer Quinn, and Jose Mananzan.

The Chairman’s Award is being presented to an outstanding business partner who has demonstrated excellence in hiring practices, creating supportive work environments, and supporting the mission of MVLE. The 2016 Chairman’s Award recipients are Chick-fil-A of Dumfries and Chick-fil-A of Chantilly Place.

MVLE also presents four Community Awards for Government, Employment, Social Responsibility, and Integration.

The Government Champion Award is being presented to the Defense Acquisition University in recognition of its commitment to the creation of meaningful employment opportunities across government and business sectors.

The Employment Partner Award is being presented to Sharp Business Systems of Washington, DC in recognition of its efforts to create meaningful community employment opportunities for individuals with disabilities and military veterans.

The Advocacy Champion Award is being presented to state Delegate Patrick Hope, who represents Virginia’s 47th District. MVLE presents this award to an outstanding partner who advocates for community integration by fostering partnerships across sectors to create new opportunities for the disabilities community.

The Social Responsibility Award is being presented to The Paul Mitchell School of Woodbridge, Virginia. MVLE presents this award to an outstanding partner who supports MVLE and our community through contributions and volunteer work.

Mr. Speaker, I ask my colleagues to join me in commending MVLE for its success in helping individuals with disabilities achieve independence and in congratulating the 2016 MVLE Annual Award recipients. The efforts of MVLE, its supporters, community partners, and clients are an inspiration to all and are worthy of our highest praise.